

ORIGINAL STORY: *Fummy*

ART: *Yuna Kagesaki*

CHAPTER

3



THE WITCH'S HOUSE

The Diary of Ellen

THE WITCH'S HOUSE

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Chapter 3







.....I
WANT A
FRIEND.

SO ANY
PLAYMATES
MUST COME
TO YOU.

BECAUSE
YOU CAN'T
LEAVE THIS
HOUSE, OF
COURSE.

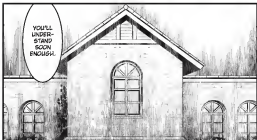
YES.

INVITE?

YOU
NEED
ONLY
INVITE
ONE
OVER.

A
SIM-
PLE
MAT-
TER.









THIS WAS YOUR FIRST TIME, SO I EXPECT IT HURT A BIT?

YES.



ACK!

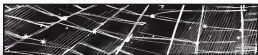


THE PROCESS WILL BECOME EASIER AS THE HOUSE LIVES UP.

BUT...
...YOU'LL GROW ACCUSTOMED.







FOUND SOMEONE.









...LIKE
TO BE MY
FRIEND?

WOULD
YOU...

...PLEASE.

I'M...



THE BOY STARTED COMING OVER TO PLAY A LOT.



HE WOULD SMILE AT ME.



I WOULD HOLD HIS HAND, AND
HE'D HOLD MINE IN RETURN.



HE WOULD CALL MY NAME.

...GOT CARRIED AWAY, PLAYING WITH HIM...

...AND THE MORE THE BOY CAME OVER,
THE LESS I SAW OF THE BLACK CAT.

NOTHING
AT ALL.

WHAT'S
WRONG,
ELLEN?

CAN
YOU
REALLY
READ
ALL
THESE
BOOKS?

EL-
LEN.

"XXXXX"...? WEIRD
NAME.

SURE
IS.

LENAKE
SEE, "XXXXX."

WHAT
IS ITS
NAME?

HEY, SEE
THIS BUG-
HERE?

NAH.

CAN'T
SEE HOW
READING
WOULD BE
ALL THAT
USEFUL
FOR ME.

WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO
TEACH YOU
TO READ?

ONLY THE
SIMPLER
ONES.

AH,
GOT-
CHA.





.....HEY, SO
WHAT KIND
WORK DOES
YOUR DADDY
DO, ELLEN?



NOT LIKE MY
MOMMY OR
DADDY CAN
READ EITHER.

DON'T NEED
READING TO
HARVEST
CROPS, Y'KNOW.



HUH?



.....I
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
HE
DOES,
ACTUAL-
LY



.....MR...

...MY
DADDY
IS.....



CAKE!

AH!



WISH I
COULD
LIVE IN
A PLACE
LIKE
THIS.

MUST
BE
NICE.

AND
YOU'VE
GOT ALL
THESE
BOOKS
TOO!

BUT YOU
GUYS MUST
BE REALLY
RICH TO LIVE
IN A BIG,
OLD HOUSE
LIKE THIS
ONE.



I ENDED EVERYTHING BEFORE EVER KNOWING ABOUT THEM.



ズ"キ...!





SOON
ENOUGH,
YES.



OUT-
SIDE?

HEY,
ELLEN.
YOU EVER
WANNA PLAY
OUTSIDE
SOMETIME?





I BET GOING OUTSIDE JUST A LITTLE WON'T HURT.

RIGHT. JUST A LITTLE.



WHY?

WHY?



UH.

UGH.

WOAH...



WHAT'S THE MAT-
TER?



WHY?











IS THAT IT?

YOU WISH YOU'D DIED?



...THE POINT OF IT?

WHAT IS...

...WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?

THEN I WISH

IF THIS IS HOW I HAVE TO LIVE NOW, THEN...



I'M FEELING BASHFUL...

STOP IT, ELLEN. DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY.



... YOU JUST WANTED SOME-PLACE WARM.

WITHOUT YOUR HOUSE OR ANYTHING TO YOUR NAME....

IN THAT BACK ALLEY.

YOU WERE SO VERY COLD, YES?



AND DON'T FORGET... A HEALTHY BODY.

I COUNT MYSELF AS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS.

AH.

FRIENDS.

KNOWLEDGE.

WARM MEALS.

EVEN IF THAT'S JUST FOR SHOW.



ALL I DID WAS GIVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED.

I CAN ONLY REMEMBER YOUR GRATITUDE. NOT YOUR ENMITY.

WHAT GOOD IS IT, THEN? BEING A WITCH?



...MISERABLE
YOU COULD
REALLY BE.

KNOW
NOW...



KNOW
WHAT?
?

WHICH
IS WHY
YOU
NEEDED
TO
KNOW.

YOU
HAD NO
IDEA...



WHEN
THEY
FEEL
DEATH'S
TOUCH
... THAT
IS TRUE
MISERY.

BUT WHEN THOSE
WHO HAVE TASTED
SOMETHING
BETTER FEEL
THE ICY BITE...

THOSE
WHO NEVER
KNOW WARMTH
SIMPLY FREEZE
AND DIE.



**JUST
STOP
IT!**

WHAT
YOU REALLY
NEEDED
WAS TO UNDER-
STAND THE
DEPTHS OF
YOUR OWN
MISERY.

YOU WERE
MISERABLE,
BUT YOU
WOULD HAVE
FOUND
HAPPINESS
IN DEATH.

UNDER-
STAND
NOW?





SO YOU
JUST KILL
EVERYONE
YOU DON'T
LIKE?

STOP
IT AL-
READY

I'M HELP-
POSSIBLE TO
UNDERSTAND
MY MISTERY?



I'M A FAN
OF YOUR
METHODS.

IT'S
IMPORTANT
TO CRY
OUT WHEN
YOU'RE
COLD...

OF THE
ELLEN.

**А
Н
Н
Н
Н
Н
Н
!!!**



SURELY
LIVING?
NOTHING
MORE?

IS
LIVING
REALLY
ALL
YOU'RE
AFTER?



YOUR FATHER
COULDN'T STAND
THE SIGHT OF
YOU, AND YOUR
MOTHER TRIED
WANTED TO ABANDON
TO BE
LOVED...

...AND
GIVE
LOVE IN
RETURN.

NOT
BY
ANY-
ONE.

YOU
WERE
NEVER
REALLY
LOVED.

TELL
ME,
ELLEN.

NO,
YOU
MUST
HAVE
DE-
GIES.

WHAT
IS IT YOU
WANT
MORE THAN
ANYTHING
IN THE
WORLD?



...EVEN
THOUGH
YOU
DESERVED
TO BE
LOVED.



NO ONE
HAD ANY
REASON
TO LOVE
YOU...

ODD,
ISN'T
IT?

...THAT
YOU
NEVER
FOUND
LOVE.

YES, IT'S
BECAUSE
OF YOUR
DISEASE...



HOW
CRUEL.

EVEN
THAT BOY
ABANDONED
YOU THE
MOMENT HE
PERCEIVED HOW
DISEASED
YOU ARE.



BE-
CAUSE
...

...YOU
CAN'T
EVER GO
BACK TO
THAT
COLD,
DARK
ALLEY.



...DEEP
IN YOUR
HEART?

YOU
KNOW,
DON'T
YOU?

WHAT IS
IT YOU
YEARN
FOR...

YOU
MUST
REALIZE
WHAT IT
IS YOU
REALLY
WANT.

ALL
BECAUSE
OF HOW
SICK YOU
ARE.

I...

*...DID
KNOW.*

*EVEN
THOUGH I
COULDN'T
SAY IT.*

I WANTED TO LOVE AND BE LOVED.

*WHICH IS WHY I WANTED
HUMAN FRIENDS.*

*BECAUSE I WANTED
COMPANIONSHIP.*

BUT IT WAS ALL A LIE, WASN'T IT?

*THE BOY RAN TOO, ONCE HE SAW ME FOR WHO I REALLY AM, JUST LIKE MY
MOTHER WHO ABANDONED ME AND MY FATHER WHO COULDN'T LOOK AT ME.*

WHAT
DO YOU
SAY I
TEACH
YOU...

...THE
CURE
FOR
WHAT
AILS
YOU?

I'LL
NEVER,
EVER BE
LOVED.

ALL
BECAUSE
I'M CURSED
WITH THIS
DISEASE
FOREVER.



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Pummy

CHAPTER



ART

Yuna Kagesaki

TRANSLATION: CALED COOK
LETTERING: ROCHELLE GANCIO

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

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